Volume IV Chicago, Ill., September, 1927 Number 6

The Liberal

A PRAYER

We thank thee, O God, for the endless renewing of life. Thou that art never weary of setting us free from the bonds wherewith we have bound ourselves, make us to walk every day as in a new day without fear or any kind of bondage. Open our eyes to receive new light; open our ears to hear the voices that are calling to us to make the world new by the power of love. Fit us for the task that is ours, and endue us with the spirit of that heavenly kingdom which is to come upon the earth where all shall be brothers and men shall be the people of God.

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The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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TRAVEL SKETCHES FROM A PREACHER'S DIARY

Monday, Aug. 1.

Bank Holiday in London. I do not know the origin of this custom but sometime in the past the government gave two days in the year when all the banks close. Now it is a general holiday. Today thousands of people are away from London and the city is quite deserted. The English people are much more given to holidays than the Americans. The rich and poor alike always manage to get to the country or the seashore. The London papers ever since Saturday have been filled with stories of congestion and crowds at the railway stations. We spent the day quietly. In the afternoon we went to Hyde Park. While walking along the Pall Mall we passed the Duke of York's palace at the time the Duke of Conneaught was leaving in his car. He is a son of Queen Victoria and uncle to the present king. A large crowd had gathered outside the iron grating in front of the house. As the old Duke left he raised his hat and the crowd waved back. The car was soon lost in the traffic. There seems to be little evidence that the English people are losing any affection for their royalty. We have also seen the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duke is a brother of the Prince of Wales but not nearly as popular with the people. The Prince of Wales is in Canada and the London press is publishing in great detail his every move. Tonight we went to the Marble Arch again to hear the speeches and listen to the arguments. I am deeply impressed with the competency of the various speakers. They are well fortified in their arguments and handle the questions remarkably. I listened for sometime to two young Americans who are missionaries of the Mormon church. They held their ground admirably altho their doctrines are ridiculous.

Tuesday, Aug. 2.

Worked on the August number of the Liberal all day in our room. It is difficult to work under these circumstances. We finished the copy and tonight it is in the mail. We have a pleasant room near Russell Square for which we are only paying fifteen dollars a week and this includes breakfast for both of us. We went to the Old Cheshire Cheese for dinner. No American visitor ever ought to miss this experience. You enter the famous old place down a narrow alley just off Fleet street. It was the haunt of Johnson, Dickens and other famous men and remains as it was in their time. The food is excellent and the prices reasonable. It has more atmosphere than any place I have ever been in. One steps out of contemporary life the moment the threshold is crossed. The saw-dust covered floors, the old wooden benches and tables and the low ceiling give it an indescribable charm. The whole place is eloquent of the time when men of literary genius loitered there exchanging ideas and opinions in the leisurely manner of the age. It was a time of great creativeness because opportunity was given for quiet and introspection. After dinner we walked across the street to the Temple Inn where the lawyers' chambers are located. Visited in respectful

tribute the grave of Oliver Goldsmith who is buried in the yard. This evening we went back again to our sociological study at the Marble Arch. What a safety-valve it is! Heard a variety of speeches on a multiplicity of subjects.

Wednesday Aug. 3.

For almost the first time since we have been in England we have had a day of brilliant sunshine and pleasantly warm. It has rained almost every day. This afternoon we attended an organ recital in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The church has a most remarkable organ and it was artistically played. The program was varied and well selected. It was a delightful experience, sitting there in the dimly lighted gothic church listening to the music. It required great imagination to realize we were so close to the rumbling traffic of the heart of London. After the concert we dined in another quaint and historic eating place—the old Cock Inn in Fleet street. This is the oldest hostelry in London and filled with the associations of Dickens. Tonight we went thru the East End of London. London is a city of contrasts. My heart aches as I think of the sights we saw. I never knew there could be such poverty and squalor. Oh, the accident of birth! A tenement or a dukedom! Who and what determines? We visited Chinatown and also the King Charles Hotel where Sam Weller met Mr. Pickwick. By the courtesy of an official of the L. M. S. Railroad who now own the property I visited one of the railroad offices which is the very room in which Dickens wrote some of the Pickwick Papers. It is a walnut panelled room and remains unaltered. We went to our room by the way of Westminster Bridge. The night view of London from the bridge was indescribably beautiful. I forgot to mention that as we left the Old Cock Inn tonight and walked down Fleet Street the famous "Bells of St. Clement's" were ringing. We tarried awhile and listened. Tonight is our last in London. We have seen its most important places altho, like Rome, one would need a long lifetime to really know London. I like it immensely. It has a personality unlike any other city in the world. A city of lights and shadows and as Kipling says, "A man's town."

Thursday, Aug 4.

Off for Swansea Wales at 11:55 this morning. A glorious ride of beautiful pastoral scenery. Arrived in Swansea about six tonight. Our minister and host the Rev. R. J. Hall, met us at the depot. We were soon comfortably located in his lovely home and had partaken of the inevitable cup of tea. This evening Mr. Hall took me to Mumbleshead, great barren high rocks, capped with a light house. The "Mumbles," as they are called, are just out of Swansea and make a peninsula of picturesque scenery. I was glad to see the rocks but most of all the sea. Nothing in nature interests me more more than the ever mysterious sea. We are sleeping tonight in Swansea, the home of my friend Dr. Morriston Thomas, of the Ravenswood Congregational Church. They have a similar institution in Swansea as the Marble Arch only here it is called the "Sands." Speakers discuss their subjects to the crowds on the beach. I heard my first political speech in Great Britain on the "Sands" tonight. It was for the Conservative Party and not particularly effective.

Friday, Aug. 5.

Mr. Hall is an incomparable host. This morning one of his parishioners — Mr. Peacock — came with his car and we have had a most interesting day driving around the Welsh Coast. Visited Rhosille—a quaint seaside village of great antiquity containing a very old church. Our church in Swansea is the child of this church for in 1622 when the ministers who refused to subscribe to the theological limitations demanded of them the minister of this church went to

Swansea and began to preach independently. Our church there is the result of that action. From Rhosille we drove to the Peacock home for a sumptuous dinner and then to Port Eynon, another seaside village of great charm—whitewashed stone houses, narrow winding streets and overlooking the sea this village has a loveliness the like of which I have never seen. We had tea with the City Engineer of Swansea and his wife in their beautiful summer home by the sea. Took a delightful walk on the beach—a perfect day and a gorgeous sunset. A ride home on the narrow roads lined with hedges brought our day to a close.

Saturday, Aug. 6.

Today is carnival day in Swansea, all the proceeds go to the general hospital. The whole city is in festive mood. Saw a long parade of interesting floats. I preached at 11 this morning in our church here. Mr. Hall planned the service because many of our Welsh friends would be in from the country attending the carnival. They came in fine numbers to the service. There were six clergymen present from neighboring churches. The congregation was very responsive and I enjoyed the experience. At 5 this afternoon they gave a tea to Mrs. Bradley and myself in the church parlor. Principal Park Davis of Carmarthan College brought greetings to us. Mr. Hall occupied the chair. I responded with words of appreciation for our welcome. I am endeared to this Welsh people. This evening we went again to the "Sands" and heard an atheist by the name of Whitehead construct an impossible God and then demolish him. It was a very interesting study.

Sunday, Aug. 7.

I preached this morning in the Unitarian church at 11 o'clock. A very good audience. I felt a little strange in the high boxed-in pulpit. At night I preached on "Religion in America" and the church was crowded. They brought chairs into the aisles and many stood. The congregational singing was the best I have ever heard. The Welsh are all songsters and they are not afraid to sing. The audience was very responsive but I suspicioned I was somewhat too liberal for some of them. I have met no congregation yet which inspires me as does my own in the Peoples Church.

Monday, Aug. 8.

At noon today I addressed the Rotary Club of Swansea. I spoke frankly of my visit this morning to the Swansea Docks where I saw men working in the Fuel Factory under terrible conditions. They only work about 2 days a week and the pay is about three dollars for the two days. The work in the pitch gives them "pitch cancers" and affects their skin and eyes seriously. Great Britain has a very serious problem in her labor conditions. It is more serious than people in America realize. A solution will be needed soon. I was emphatic in my speech today that the problem was very serious. One of the colliery owners sat across from me at the table and it was quite evident that he did not like all I said. After the luncheon we were taken to another beautiful lilttle seaside village Porthcawl.

Tuesday, Aug. 9th.

We left Wales today with deep regrets. Mr. Hall, our host, has been most solicitous for our welfare. He has done everything to make our stay profitable and interesting. He is a very interesting personality, with experience in the ministry and adult education work in New Zealand and South Africa. He is an M. A. from Oxford and the author of several text books on Civics. We had a little while at Cardiff and Birmingham on our way to Warwick. Tonight at Warwick we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Constable who are to be our hosts. Mrs. Constable is the minister in Warwick and her husband is lecturer on Literature for the Warwick County Educational Com-

mittee. They are both most unusual and interesting people. Their home is a veritable study with overfilled book cases lining every room. They know America having spent three months there last year. We had the pleasure of meeting them in Boston. Mr. Constable gave a course of lectures at the University of California last year. After dinner we took a walk to a very scenic spot, about a mile and a half out of Warwick to Guy's Cliff. The spot is associated with Guy of Warwick fame. It is of pastoral beauty, quiet, peaceful and just the place for an evening stroll. We crossed the River Avon on a stone bridge. Nearby was an old stone mill with its paddle-wheel still in use. I know we are going to love Warwick. As I walked home across the paths in the fields and thru the hedge lined trails I thought of home and my own boyhood. Today is my sister's birthday, across the miles of land and sea I send her my love and greetings. —P. B.

FROM DR. BRADLEY

Belfast, Ireland.
August 23, 1927.

Dear friends and Members of the Peoples Church:

By the time you read these lines it will be nearly time for church to open. We are anxious to get home and see you all and we hope you will be glad to have us back.

We have had a most profitable and inspiring trip. Seeing old places, meeting new friends and getting new viewpoints, will mean much to our work. It seems now as I write that the happiest moment of my life will be when I hear the opening notes of our choir processional on the opening Sunday of church.

I realize that in some respects it will be the most difficult year we have had together. The church finances are always a worry to me. We have such a great need of money. We have gone along thus far and now let us all work harder than ever until the burden becomes lighter. If all will do their share the crisis can be passed.

Our seating problem is acute. After carefully considering many plans the Board decided to reserve seats until 10:50 in order to relieve the congestion after the service has begun. I am sure this will work no hardship on the seat-holders. All information in regard to the seats will gladly be given if you will call the church office, Longbeach 6878, and talk to Mrs. Harrison who has charge of the seats.

The church will open Sunday morning, October 2nd at 10:45. Mr. Clarence Eddy will be at the organ and Mr. Emerson Abernethy will direct the choir. The service will be broadcast by station WQJ-WMAQ. I have chosen for my opening subject—"Some European Impressions." I shall be disappointed if we do not have a good audience. Please plan to attend this opening service. We will endeavor to maintain the musical excellency of the service and try to make every service one of inspiration and benefit with appreciation.

Your friend and pastor,
Preston Bradley.

BOOK CHATS

A few Sunday ago I preached in the Rosslyn Hill Church in London. After coming from the pulpit the minister, Rev. R. Nicol Cross, asked me if I had read Gilbert Frankan's last book—"An Unsentimental Journey." On being told that I had not he replied, "Well, you will find it interesting for he has written about you and

your Chicago Church." I remembered well meeting Mr. Frankan in Chicago. I was the toastmaster at the dinner of the Illinois Manufacturer's Association where he was a speaker. I know he visited the Peoples Church the next day but I was not aware that he considered the visit of sufficient importance to put in his book. Being quite human I was anxious to read the book. Who wouldn't when a famous English novelist writes about one? I did not get a copy of the book until I arrived in Swansea, Wales. Sure enough. I read a most interesting account of myself and the church. I do not know whether the book is published yet at home (I am writing this in Paris) but I know it will be. I am sure that readers of the Book Chats will want to own one. The book is selling well in England for Gilbert Frankan is known as a novelist of distinction. His last book before "The Unsentimental Journey" was "Masterson." On reading the book I find his impressions on the whole much more favorable than some novelists from England who have written of America. It is amazing to me how a stranger can go to America and in a comparatively brief space of time form such accurate opinions. I heard Mr. Arthur Posonby, a member of the British Parliament, give an analysis of the American mind at a dinner last winter in Chicago which was startling for one who had been in the country a matter of days. Of course, it all depends on how highly developed a power of observation the observer possesses. Some people see more than others. Bishop Quayle wrote a prose poem on "A Walk Down a Kansas Railroad Track One Day in June." Another parson accused the Bishop of falsifying for he took the same walk but did not see what the Bishop saw. It all depends on who does the seeing.

I picked up in a London book shop the other day (and what fun I have had in London's book shops) a copy of "What I Saw in America" by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Here is another readable book of American impressions by a visitor. It is written in the usual Chestertonian style. There are paradoxes on every page, to many this habit of Chesterton's is obnoxious. Yet underneath it all is a refreshing philosophy and not a little wit. I was discussing Chesterton with a minister the other day. He has a very fine mind and knows good literature. In speaking of the paradox which Chesterton continually uses he told me that when Chesterton was once criticized for his use of the paradox he replied, "the only way to properly see a sunset is to bend over and look at it thru your legs"—so there you are. Having seen Chesterton and heard him lecture it would be a sight worth seeing to see him try his own advice. I know that my readers will enjoy and profit by these books on America by Frankan and Chesterton. I may attempt some English impressions by an American if the busy life of the winter permits. I have formed many. Some are favorable and some unfavorable but for all our differences and distinctions the British people are a splendid folk.

—P. B.

IN IRELAND

From the moment we landed in Belfast till we left we liked Ireland. There never were greater hearted, more generous, kindly and appreciative people in the world than the Irish! One can never really know them until one meets them in their own country. Although it was raining when we landed that morning in Belfast after quite a rough crossing, we were never-the-less impressed with Belfast at once as a wide awake, quite modern city with more "go" in it than any place we have been in this side the Atlan-

tic. Our hotel was modern in every respect, beautifully equipped, and we were made very comfortable there as guests of Rosemary St. Church.

Dr. Bradley's first preaching in Ireland was in the York St. Church, on a Wednesday evening, and a memorable evening it will ever be to us. By seven o'clock the place was packed and every available chair brought in. It was a wonderful audience to gather on a mid-week evening and at that early hour, many coming directly from their work, for this Church is made up of working people. After service everyone was invited to go downstairs for tea. There seemed to be quite an air of mystery about it and we wondered what it was all about. We were detained talking in the vestry a few minutes (purposely so) and then escorted below to the assembly room by the minister. As we came down the stairs a roar of applause greeted us and continued until we were seated on the platform, everyone was standing, and there seemed a sea of faces! The minister who mounted the platform with us, rapped for quiet, and followed with a pretty and witty speech, typically Irish, at the close of which he presented Dr. Bradley with a very handsome blackthorn "shillalah" bearing a silver shield inscribed with his name, as a memento and expression of gratitude from the congregation at York St. Nor was that all, he then presented me with a beautiful tablecloth of purest Irish linen! Our surprise made us almost speechless, and it was with difficulty we tried to express our thanks and pleasure. Dr. Bradley turned the surprise on the people by telling their surprise party on us was in truth a birthday party for him, as it was the eve of his birthday! So altho' we were far from home friends and loved ones, he had a birthday celebration anyway, which made us very happy, even tho more than a little homesick. Tables were set with tea service, sandwiches and a great variety of cakes, everyone ate and drank tea to their hearts content and it was a late hour before we went to our hotel, our hearts warmed by the appreciation and kindness of these genial and big hearted people!

During the following days before Sunday, we made several trips out into the country. I wish I might portray for you the beauty of the Irish countryside, I may at some future time write a special article about it. The little whitewashed stone houses with thatched roofs, the flower gardens and climbing roses twined over doorways and arched gateways, making every little farm home a setting for a lovely picture; the fields of ripening grain, the green meadows where cows and sheep graze contentedly, the hedges and large fine trees, little streams and winding roads all combine to make the farmlands spreading over the rolling hills a lovely panorama, with the mountains, solid looking and clear cut against the sky for background. I was charmed with it!

Sunday morning Dr. Bradley preached in Rosemary St. Church, which was filled to its capacity, a very lovely service, and specially interesting was the young organist who has been blind from his birth. At four o'clock that Sunday afternoon Dr. Bradley preached at Larne, a little coast town an hour's ride by train from Belfast. At the station we were met by a young lady with a very lovely car and driven to the church which was already crowded. After service we were invited to the school room across from the church where we found ladies waiting to welcome us, the room decorated with our national flower "golden rod," and a large American flag hanging on the wall back of the tea table which was loaded with dainty sandwiches and cakes, we had scarcely time to partake of these and swallow a cup of tea before rushing to the train, but we carried away a lasting memory of the ap-

preciation and honor these people at Larne had shown us; I almost wept when I saw the stars and stripes, and they presented me with an enormous bunch of sweet peas and golden-rods. We were deeply touched by their thoughtfulness and attention.

Upon our arrival in Belfast we rushed again to Rosemary St. church for evening service. Here we found people being turned away in such number that those in charge asked Dr. Bradley if it would be possible for him to speak to an overflow meeting, and so the people who could not get into the church were sent to Central Hall where they waited till he finished preaching in the church and came in to speak briefly to them. I was obliged to sit with the choir, there being no other seat. It was a busy day but one to be long remembered! The next evening Rosemary St. church held a reception for us, and a very delightful occasion it was, beginning with tea served at seven o'clock, and at eight o'clock speeches and music. An address of welcome and expressions of appreciation to Dr. Bradley opened the program, followed by the presentation to him of a very fine black-thorn cane, silver mounted with his initials, some books and a dozen handkerchiefs of finest Irish linen, to me also was given a box of a dozen linen handkerchiefs. This was all such a delightful surprise that again we were at a loss for words to express our thanks. Dr. Bradley's speech took up part of the evening, his audience were laughing one minute and crying the next, and in some respect they enjoyed this talk even more than the sermons. The rest of the evening was spent in meeting people and saying good-bye to them. We are grateful for these contacts we have made, and if we never meet again—they will be sweet to think back upon, we hope however that we have not met as "ships that pass in the night,"—for we want to come back to Ireland!

When we went to the dock the next evening there were over sixty assembled to see us off, and as our ship sailed out into the Irish Sea they sang "Come back to Erin," we saw them standing in the shadows of the dock waving handkerchiefs and hats, while we waved back from the steamer's deck rail, until they and Belfast were lost in the darkness, and only the great black looking mountains clear cut against the sky, and a few twinkling lights gave us our last view of Ireland.

GRACE T. BRADLEY.

Written in Paris, Aug. 25th.

LIFE AS A SONATA

A Sermon By Dr. Bradley, Given in The Peoples Church. Stenographically Reported.

This Sunday is known throughout the world as Beethoven Sunday. Beethoven today is being recognized by his oratorios, his songs, sonatas, and symphonies in almost every church in the civilized world. I do not know how you react to this thought, but I can feel very definitely in my own experience a reaction toward it that affirms very definitely to my mind the great unity of the world and of life. To feel that at this very time throughout the world homage is being paid to a man who was a writer of song and of melody is a great inspiration. The immortality of his genius is affirmed in the world of the spirit, in the realm of the creative artistry he has established himself. Verily, verily, might the strutting puppets who walk the highways of imperialism and power, in their royal purple of strength and materialism, take heed from

such a moment as this. The poet, the singer, the artist, walk in the company of eternal coteries, and absorb from the eternity of the spheres only that they might re-create back again in their creative genius for the rest of the world. Beethoven dwells in a comradeship and a kinship with the great of the earth. Materialism with its barren literalness, with its devotion to power, with its anchorage to elements, and with all that goes to make its physical chaos will find ultimate disaster. The true artist knows the relationship between artistic expression and individual experience. No artist has ever divorced his creativeness from his experiences. No man can tap the resources of creative genius who has not burrowed himself deeply and vitally into the processes of human experience. The melody of the spheres is a resultance of the soul groping toward eternal harmony and unity, and the only medium that the soul has by which it can find expression is by an accumulation of evidence and of incentive which is determined by his experience in life.

That is why life is a sonata, a great composition, adjusting itself to a variety of tempo, but always in related key. That is what a sonata is, a musical composition of a great variety and a great adjustment of time, but always preserving the unity of a related key, and that is why you and I, in our creative expressions, in the artistry of human things, live a variety of time, but we play our little music on through to the end, with related keys, and what we bring into the relationship that is determined by environment, our physical contribution remains with us with the direct relative influence, until we have completed the masterpiece of our existence. In a true sense we find our refuge in the beautiful, what could life be, how could we endure it, how could you live, if no one had touched the wellsprings of beauty and had flooded the world with its waters, musical in their flowing, clear as a crystal in their constitution, and refreshing in their absorptions. What a barrenness would be your life if there were no overtones, if you and I were only continuously, everlastingly, in this business of eating and struggling, and buying and selling. Necessary as the commerce and industry of the world is, important as it all is to the welfare and economic unity of human society, what would it all mean if there were no plateaus, if there were no mountain peaks, if there were no untouched and unthrived emotions that sweep thru the commonalities, the mediocrities of your daily life? Not a one of you could bear life, could be so emersed in the mere technicality of living, could live without the beauty of art, the poetry, the melting, waving, sighing beauty, even to the melody of madness. What would you be and I without art?

We have in this hundredth anniversary of the death of Beethoven, evidenced so clearly and so authoritatively that the world will let its materialism rock in the realm of forgetfulness, and there will be no potentiality sufficiently powerful to resurrect them, but the world will never let its artists die. The world will never let its artists die. No one has to establish an authoritative discussion or any argument for the immortality of Rembrandt. We do not have to fight for the permanency of Beethoven, because he played—to the melodies of the human heart. He sang to us an eternal song, and we will bow at his altar and adore him as long as we must find an escape from life's brutalities in the highways of artistic beauty.

Do you want to make a contribution to the world? Then be willing to starve for creative artistry. Must you play into the hands of commercialized materialistic contemporary public that pays the temporary honor, and its temporary applause to the bombast, and the cheap display of the contemporary? Do you ask for

the profits of the world? Do you ask for the homage of your contemporary? Then into the transitional things of the world submerge your soul. Do you ever walk with the stars? Do you ever want to be a comrade of the sky? Do you want the melting beauty of the moonlight to bathe your soul? Do you want to feel a kinship with the spheres? Then give yourself to a cultivation of life in terms of artistic emphasis. Worship at the altar of beauty. Byron was right. Keats was right. Shelley was right. Beauty, the tripod upon which all successful life rests, is the old tripod of ancient philosophy, the good, the true, and the beautiful. Call the roll today of the world's people. Think of that golden moment of Athenian glory. I challenge one of you to bring me a single name of a great commercial power who sailed the ships of ancient Greece while he filled his coffers with the wealth of the known world. Name me one. I ask you to name me one of the ancient rulers of decadent Rome who sent his agents to all the ports of the world, and filled the coffers of his treasury. Name me me. History is silent. Stroll with me the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Nile. Go with me into the heart of the known regions of the Orient, and find the heart throb of infinity, beating. pounding helplessly at times against the materialism of the ages. And then above it all soars the great spiritual creations, and we have Aristotle and Sophocles, and we have Plato and Socrates. They live, and all the rest dies. The truest sentence is written over a building in the city of Chicago today, over the entrance to the Playhouse. Stand you Chicagoans, who are so excited about mayors and buildings and pavements. Who think that your future is built and made by an anchorage in things. When they dig down through the debris that will accumulate on top of the Wrigley Building, and come to a piece of stone, that generation that is to come will wonder what it was all about, and they will be trying to figure you out, and it will be a difficult job. They will be wondering what we were about. They will be startled at our incapacity for a people who talk more about judging the future by the past, and then affirm the lessons of the past in our own experiences. Who are fearful of what someone will say, who are jealous of our rights. I am so tired, and I am so weary of hearing America talk about its rights. I am tired of hearing the bombast of politicians talk about their rights. That is what is the matter with the whole world today. China is talking about her rights. Egypt is talking about her rights, India, Mexico, are all talking about their rights, and it is expressing itself in a gross nationalism that will plunge this world into war. Unless we step carefully, every boy eleven years old today, in ten years will be in uniform. Rights! It is all rights. Somebody is always wanting to be first. We haven't learned the lesson. I don't know how much more it is going to take. I can't penetrate. I don't know how much more it is going to take for this world to learn. I wonder how many rivers of human blood must flow. I wonder how much longer we must turn the beautiful green and blue that reflect the glory of the sky into a crimson red, where dwells the mingled blood of men and youth who have been killed because of our rights. How long, Oh, Lord! How long, before we touch the music of the sphere and learn of beauty and of truth?

So today we honor Beethoven. This strange, wierd tragic character. I never in all the time that I have loved Beethoven, I never realized the relationship that existed so much between his music and his experiences, as I have since I have gone into it more definitely by research and study. I realize the fact that little Holland has taught art to many modern countries of Europe, for although

we read that Ludwig Van Beethoven was born in Bonn, Germany, and we think of the years which he spent in Germany, we must not forget that almost in his generation was the name changed from the Dutch, and that Beethoven's ancestors were from Antwerp.

Beethoven is like Lincoln in some respects, because we are unable to account for his genius. I wonder if there is any way to account for genius. What is that strange thing, that a soul should come into the world and from the first should give evidence of his genius, for let me repeat again what I have said before. There never was a man of genius who did not evidence his genius this side of fifteen. What is it? You scientists, you people interested in heredity and environment, what is it that one soul leaps right into the heart of God and dignifies human life by the touch of his genius, and another soul goes to a felon's cell, and they both came out of the same womb? There comes a soul fresh from comradeship with the Infinite, the soul touches our lives, and he lifts us up and we are inspired.

Beethoven was always pre-eminently of a religious nature. All artists are of a religious nature, although they might not all be religious in practice, but it is quite possible to divorce completely our religious predispositions and our religious urges of our inner consciousness. Ethics and religion constitute an interesting field to philosophy. Constantly a great many of those who are supreme in their artistic genius and their qualities, might not be what the world calls religious. But Beethoven was always religious. He was born in the Roman Catholic Church, and died in the Roman Catholic Church. His Mass in D stands out conspicuously as being very superior even to some of his sonatas and symphonies. He only wrote nine symphonies. You remember the Fifth and your remember the Ninth, but you never really fathom the intensity of Beethoven's spirit until you know the Mass in D. There he speaks of his experiences with the Infinite.

Beethoven had some sad experiences in his life. Any man who had to pass through the experiences that Beethoven did with his family—it is wonderful that he retained his sanity, because Beethoven's family was certainly troublesome, all except that lovely mother. And there you go again, the son and the mother, the daughter and the father. These are problems for the biologist to account for. Beethoven never married, though he was in love many times. Why, of course, if it were not for love, there could be no creativeness of any sort, and when we have separated love into its purer realm where it expresses itself in creation, we have wrested love away from the vulgarity and sin and we have done what God intended it to be—an expression of the creative art of the Universe. There can be no creation without love. Beethoven had that lovely mother. She was the daughter of a cook, which all goes to show that genius has no respect of persons. If we had to depend on wealth for creative genius, we would be in a fine situation. You only have to see how there has been a degeneracy due to a retention and absorption of blood that has taken all the geuius out of them. Where does genius come from? It comes from the elemental. Abraham Lincoln was born on a dirt floor, and he was the greatest work of art civilization has ever produced. You are not producing great artists by all the superficial aspects of contemporary life. You find it in the youngsters of Chicago who are crowding the art galleries. To them I look for the future of civilization, and not to the insignificant industrial social world. They will do nothing to save civilization.

The inscription over the Playhouse door says, "Everything passes, art alone endures." That is the only thing that lives. Noth-

ing else does. Everything else becomes dust and ashes. Nothing lives. Beethoven had that lovely mother, and the tragedy was that she slipped away when he was only a boy, and then Hell broke loose. Beethoven's father was a drunkard, and worthless. His whole family, just one after another, caused him trouble, until I think it must have been a great relief when he went deaf. I have a great deal of sympathy with deaf people. There is so much sweet nothingness and sublime vacuity that they miss.

Mozart, hearing him, recognized his genius in his youth, and when this young genius looked at Mozart and said "I want to improvise," I love the way he did that. Mozart gave him a theme, and Beethoven improvised it while Mozart walked the floor. But when he handed him the work, Mozart said "Keep your eye on that, young man. You'll make a noise in this world." And Beethoven did make a noise.

Beethoven was always in love, and yet he knew how to keep love in its place. Let a man write a novel or paint a picture, or do something big and fine. Right away there is a certain type of people that love to bask in the honor of his personality. They give teas. Beethoven had to go through all that in Vienna, but all the time he was working. Going across the street one day he was nearly killed. It is a good thing Beethoven did not live in our times. Some theme occurred to him, he was working his way out of some discord, some theme would come, and he would take out his notebook, while somebody ran into him. He forgot one day where he lived. In Vienna he forgot one time that he had had his dinner. One thing after another of that sort. Who are we to bring down out of the sky the rarified creative soul and set him into our moulds? Who are we that have a right to make genius conform? Who are we that we can put down into our little world and mind, the world of materialism, and try to pour into our moulds this great soul of divine fire? Genius knows no law. They will not prostitute themselves for the commonalities and mediocrities of the world, and they ought not to. The moment you try to coerce genius you kill it. There never was a ship big enough to carry a person and deport an idea. You cannot deport ideas. You can take people and lock them up, but you can't create a prison wall around genius. You find it will burst the bonds.

But I like best the end. I cannot enter into a technical discussion of his music. We are here just to honor him today, we are here because we love him. Yesterday afternoon, I went with Mr. Emerson, the artist, over to see the exhibit that is now being held at the Chicago Art Institute. After we had tarried a while in the midst of its beauty, and after we had spent some time there in its ravage of color and the distortion and chaos, do you know what we did? We did what I wish everyone in Chicago would do. When you are tired and weary, and life has been difficult, go and sit in the dimly but amply lighted room where hangs a million dollars worth of canvas, that probably cost twenty-five dollars until George Ennis touched his paint to it. Go to the George Ennis room in the Art Institute and sit down for a moment. That is why we honor Beethoven. When life is broken, listen to the Moonlight Sonata, the Fifth and the Ninth Symphonies, all of those great works, listen to the Mass in D, fill your soul, ascend to the realm of beauty.

It was on the 26th of March, 1827, one hundred years ago yesterday. The previous December he had gone into Vienna from a little country village. Beethoven needed the country, he was elemental, he was primitive. They drove out in an open carriage, and in December. When he was coming into Vienna from his little place in the country, he caught cold, and later on a serious condi-

tion developed. From December to March he battled this illness. The last few days he was unconscious, and in the afternoon of the 26th of March, one hundred years ago, a great thunder storm swept all Vienna. The sky was black, clouds were rolling, the lightning intense, the reverberations like the walking of the Gods on the mountains. Beethoven lay unconscious. A flash of lightning, a great peal of thunder, and Beethoven opened his eyes and those who saw it, said he clenched his fist and opened his eyes, and fell back dead. Oh, when the world forgets such a soul, there will be nothing left in the world that is worth remembering.

THE CONGRESS AT PRAGUE

Programme

The programme of the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals, to give it its full name, has now been published, and (subject to revision) is as follows:—

Sunday, September 4.

A. M., International speakers at Dr. Capek's service and the chief services of the Czechoslovak Church.

7. P. M., Meeting of Welcome in the Representation House.

Addresses of Welcome. The following will reply: Rev. Dr. Pierce, Washington, U. S. A.; Bishop Jozan, Budapest; Prof. Dr. Rade, Germany; Dr. Boros, Cluj; Prof. Jean Vienot, France; Dr. Mario Puglisi, Italy; Rev. A. Hall, England; Prof. Rochat, Switzerland; Herr Rohrer, Jerusalem; Prof. van Moeril Broekman, Holland.

Monday, September 5.

9:30-10:30 A. M.—Address in memory of the late President of the Congress, Prof. Dr. K. H. Roessingh of Leiden University, by Prof. Heering of Leiden. A few words in memory of Pastor Roberty of Paris will be spoken by Prof. Jean Vienot, and in memory of Dr. J. E. Carpenter of Oxford, by Dr. W. H. Drummond. A tribute will also be paid to the memory of the late Patriarch of the Czechoslovak Church.

10:30 A. M.-12:30 P. M.—The Contribution of Philosophy and Psychology to the Spiritual Interpretation of Life and the Idea of God. Prof. Kozak of Praha; Prof. Max Otto of University of Wisconsin, U. S. A.; Dr. H. G. van Wijngaarden of Amsterdam.

4-5 P. M.—Lecture by Prof. G. V. Klima of Praha, on 'Comenius and the Growth of Spiritual Freedom in Czechoslovakia.'

7 P. M.—Special Performance in the National Theatre of Smetana's 'Bartered Bride.'

Tuesday, September 6.

9:30-10:30 A. M.—Lecture on 'Charles Wagner, a Religious Pioneer in Modern France,' by Prof. Wautier d'Aygalliers of Paris.

10:30 A. M.—12:30 P. M.—Worship—Religious Cultus—and its traditional forms in relation to modern needs. Dr. Frantisek Kovar, Principal of the Theological College of the Czechoslovak Church; Prediger Tschirn of Wiesbaden; Rev. F. H. Vaughan of England; followed by discussion.

4:30-5:30 P. M.—Lecture by Prof. Hermelink of Marburg, on 'John Hus and his significance for the Modern World.'

7:30 P. M.—Public Meeting. Speakers: Dr. Bradley of Chicago, U. S. A.; Rev. T. Rhondda Williams of Brighton, England and others.

Wednesday, September 7.

9:30-10:30 A. M.—Lecture on 'Individualismus und Gemeinschaft in deutsche Protestantismus,' by Prof. Dr. Baumgarten of Kiel.

10:30 A. M.-12:30 P. M.—Modern Religious Education. Direktorin Dr. Theol. Carola Barth; Dr. Norbert Capek; followed by discussion.

4:30-5:30 P. M.—Lecture on the 'Czechoslovak Church, its Origin, Aims and Endeavours', by Bishop Gustav Prochazka of Praha.

7:30 P. M.—Banquet.

Thursday, September 8.

9:30-10:30 A. M.—Business Meeting; Statement by the Secretary; Consideration of future plans.

10:30 A. M.-12:30 P. M.—How the growth of Democratic Ideals and International Relationships has influenced the outlook of Religion. Prof. Dr. Auer of Boston, U. S. A.; Pfarrer Fritze of Koln; followed by discussion.

12:30-1 P. M.—Closing words and votes of thanks.

Afternoon.—Women's Pilgrimage to lay a wreath on the grave of the late Madame Masaryk, at Lany.

Evening.—7:30 P. M.—Meeting of Students and Young People. Chairman: Dr. Sum of Praha. Speakers: Rev. Dr. Shippen, U. S. A., and others not yet appointed.

The chairman will be chosen from different countries. Prof. Dr. Rade of Marburg, a Vice-President of the Congress, will preside on Monday, September 5.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club of the Peoples Church will resume their season's activities with a luncheon at the Edgewater Beach Hotel Monday, October third at twelve-thirty P. M.

The afternoon's programme will consist of "Address of Welcome" by the President Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, "Message of Greetings," from Programme Chairman Mrs. Preston Bradley. Artist musicale, Lyon and Healy.

Short talk on Illinois Federation by Mrs. Samuel D. Snew, President of Ninth District and address by Dr. Preston Bradley.

An invitation is extended to all the ladies of the Church. Luncheon, fee one dollar and ten cents. Reservations to be made with Mrs. Hermsdorf, phone Irving 4141, Mrs. Logeman, telephone Edgewater 3336, Church Office, Long Beach 6878.

Mrs. Brand and daughter, Miss Meta, are visiting in Arizona, going via Canadian Rockies and through California, meeting Mrs. Leopold and Mrs. Taylor, former members of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Logeman, and Mrs. Henry Thomas, spent a couple of weeks at Egg Harbor.

MESSAGE FOR TODAY

Cheerful Beliefs

It is not for our happiness to believe any proposition about the nature of man, the universe, or God, which is really at war with our fundamental instincts of honour and justice, or with our ideals of gentleness and love, no matter how those instincts and ideals have been implanted or arrived at. The man or woman who hopes to attain reflective happiness as he works his strenuous way through the world must bring all beliefs, old and new, to this critical test, and must reject, or refuse to entertain, beliefs which do not stand the test.

We may be sure that cheerful beliefs about the unseen world, framed in full harmony with the beauty of the visible uinverse and with the sweetness of the domestic affections and joys, and held in company with kindred and friends, will illuminate the dark places on the pathway of earthly life and brighten all the road.

Charles W. Eliot.
('The Happy Life').

He is a Path, if any be misled;
He is a Robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, He is Bread;
If any be a bondsman, He is free.
If any be but weak, how strong is He!
To dead men life He is, to sick men health,
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth,
A Pleasure without loss, a Treasure without stealth.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education — Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday,

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE QUIET HOUR

Love is Never Glad When Others Go Wrong.

In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother's knee.

George Eliot (1819-1880).

Spirit of grace and beauty,
Whom men so much miscall:
Maidenly, modest Duty,
I cry thee fair befall!

Fair from my song befall thee,
Spirit of beauty and grace!
Men that so much miscall thee
Have never seen thy face.

Robert Bridges (1844-).

There is a mantle of love to be thrown over the faults of all. Besides that, there is a robe of reverence to be thrown over the faults of parents and other superiors.

Matthew Henry (1662-1714).

We value (the Essays) the more as we grow older and they grow truer and better. For that is Lamb's way. He sat down—often in his employer's time — to amuse the readers of a new magazine and earn a few of those extra guineas which made it possible to write 'Old China,' and behold he was shedding radiance on almost every fact of life, no matter how spiritually recondite or remote from his own practical experience. No one can rise from Elia without being deepened and enriched; and no one having read Elia can ever say either offhand or after a year's thought which one essay he would retain to the loss of all the others.

E. V. Lucas (1868-).

To the woods, to the woods I go,
Whate'er my frame of mind;
And find my heart
Is there attuned
To holy thought.
In woods I see,
And forest wild,
A husbandry rare—
And the husbandman is God.

Thomas Hill (1818-1891).

The foundation of our morality, our happiness if we are to be happy, our trust and worship if we are to have a trust and worship — in any event our rule of life, our guide and law—must be, follow the truth. No sect monopolizes that principle. It was orthodox old Nathaniel Taylor who used to bid his students — "Go with the truth, if it takes you over Niagara!"

G. S. Merriam (1843-1914).

Day after day takes up the tale.

Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful!
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The Sun, is my great friend—
His spending has no end.

W. H. Davies (1870-).

There are no other means in heaven or upon earth to heal and content the inward soul, but by strengthening that inward soul itself; and it is foolish to think that small helps from without can afford any lasting improvement.

Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825).

Two went to pray? Oh, rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray.

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

Richard Crashaw (1613 ?-1649).

Divine love is a new life and new nature, and introduces us into a new world. It puts an end to all former opinions, notions, and tempers. It opens new senses in us, and makes us see high to be low, and low to be high; wisdom to be foolishness and foolishness wisdom.....Breathe noth-

ing but in and from Christ's spirit, and everything will help forward your divine life.

William Law (1686-1761).

Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near, and made a brother of the stranger. I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter; I forget that there abides the old in the new, and that there also thou abidest.

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-).

Oh, with what darkness do we cloak thy light,
What dusty folly gather thee for food,
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good!
O living Self, O God, O Morning Star,
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.

John Masefield (1876-).

Every fact is the expression of a Thought. Even as no true representation of Man can be given by the mere body deprived of its vital spark, so no true representation of a fact can be given by one who overlooks the thought which was its life and soul.

Joseph Mazzini (1808-1872).

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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That from mouth of brass, as from Mouth of Gold,
May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.
And above it the great cross-beam of wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!
And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity;
And the upward and downward motions show
That we touch upon matters high and low;
Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,
Upward, exalted again to the sky;
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—Longfellow.

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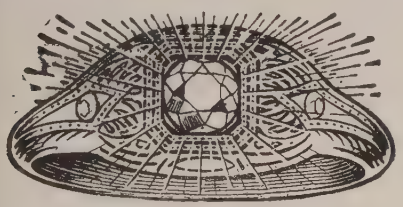

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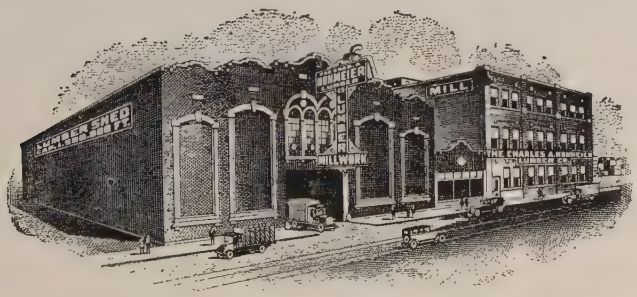

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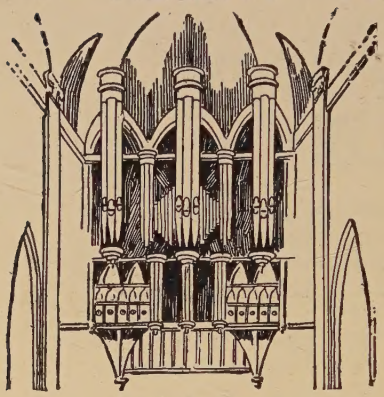

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